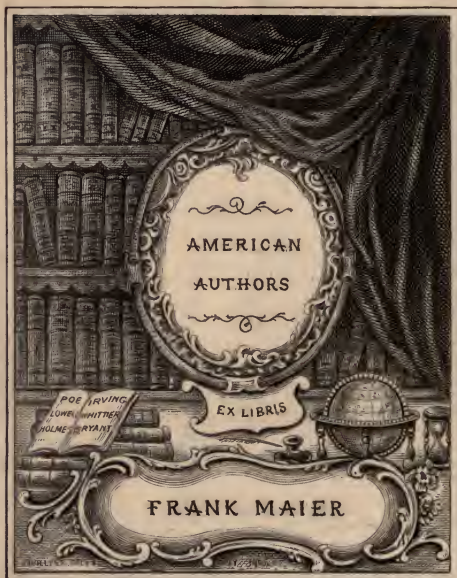


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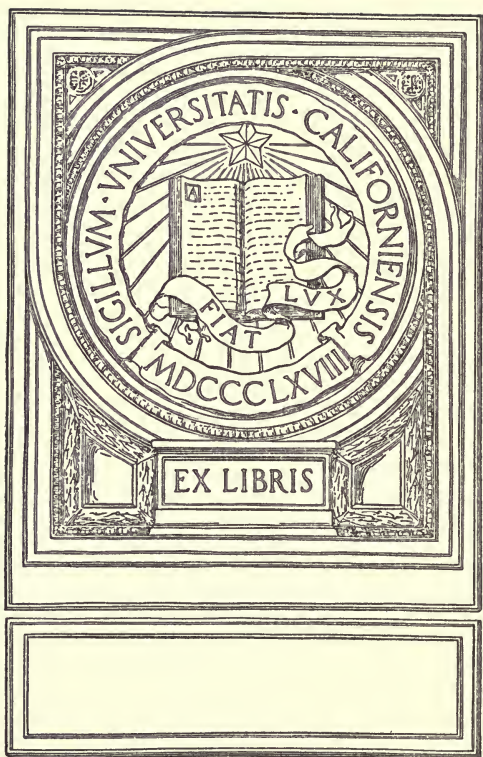
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THE
SPIRIT OF LIFE,
AND OTHER POEMS.



THE
SPIRIT OF LIFE;

A POEM.

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE FRANKLIN SOCIETY

OF

BROWN UNIVERSITY,

SEPTEMBER 3, 1833.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

“ Je crois que le monde est gouverné par une volonté puissante et sage ;
. mais ce même monde—est-il éternel ou créé ? Y a-t-il un principe
unique des choses ? ”—ROUSSEAU, *Emile*, liv. iv.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Brown University, September 3, 1833.

DEAR SIR,

The Franklin Society of this Institution, through the undersigned, as their committee, present you their unfeigned thanks for the elegant Poem with which you have this day favoured them, and hereby solicit a copy of the same for publication.

Yours, very respectfully,

E. P. DYER,
F. W. FICKLING.

TO WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, Esq.

Philadelphia, September 18, 1833.

GENTLEMEN,

In answer to your official letter of the 3d instant, on behalf of the Franklin Society of Brown University, I beg leave to observe, that while I receive with unaffected respect and pride the kind opinions of the association which you represent, and comply with the request for a copy of the

M268552

poem delivered before that body, I feel bound to extenuate the defects which are, in all likelihood, contained in the production. The majority of it is the effort of a few languid summer evenings, stolen from relaxation and society, after a performance of the onerous duties appertaining to the editorship of a daily gazette ; and the closing portions were completed after my arrival in Providence, not many hours previous to their delivery. I do not mention these circumstances to excuse those blemishes in the poem, which I am well aware it may probably contain ; and to apologize for which, I have not enough of that *amabilis insania* so finely satirized in the Horatian line. The *subject* was chosen because it was wide, and admitted of readier treatment than one less general and expansive.

With this brief prologue, therefore, I submit the affair to the Society, “for better or for worse ;” and remain,

Gentlemen, with high consideration,

Your obedient servant,

W. GAYLORD CLARK.

To E. P. DYER, and F. W. FICKLING, Esqrs.

DEDICATION.

TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQUIRE, M.P.

AUTHOR OF 'PELHAM,' 'DEVEREUX,' 'EUGENE ARAM,' ETC.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I dedicate the following pages to one whose animated expressions of regard have long cheered, and whose kind praises have often inspired me: to one, whose genius is acknowledged with ardour among all the intelligent classes of the American republic; whose impressive writings are familiar to the general reader, from Madawasca to the Mississippi, and from Ontario to Florida; to one, whose political liberality is admired by every well-read freeman in the Union, and whose influence as an author (popular in the full sense of the word), is undeniably stronger and more

diffusive among the people of America, than that of almost any modern mind. I inscribe *to you* this little work, with a hearty wish that it were worthier of your acceptance. You can see the excuses with which it is put forth to the public: but I am sure that your friendship will appreciate my motive sufficiently to pardon, in its expression, both the manner and the medium.

That you may long continue to depict, with your own peculiar power, the deformity and misery of *Vice*, and the peaceful loveliness of *Virtue*, by clothing in attractive fiction the severe truths of life,—and that your love of free, *American* principles, may continue to afford you the political influence which, as a member of the British Parliament, you now wield in “a body of the first gentlemen in Europe,” is the sincere desire of

Yours, most truly,

W. GAYLORD CLARK.

Philadelphia, October, 1833.

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THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

THERE is a Spirit, whose reviving power,
Dwells through the changes of each earthly hour:
Where the sere blooms of man's decline are shed,
And sterile snows the brow of age o'erspread;
Or while each impulse of the heart is young,
And the light laugh falls sweet from childhood's tongue :
There lurks that moving spirit, bound to all—
O'er which nor chance, nor time can fling a thrall ;
Through lengthened years its force unbroken moves,
Guiding the hopes of earth, the cares, the loves ;
Where'er the land outspreads, or sunshine lies,
Pour'd on old ocean from the boundless skies—
In calm or storm, in light or shade it springs,
And broods o'er nature with perpetual wings.

Its name is Life,—and glorious is its sway,
Which seas, and worlds on worlds, and stars obey;
Born from the exhaustless might of God alone,
The extended universe is but its throne;
In liberal measure, through the waste of years,
Its quenchless pow'r, or principle, appears;—
Fadeless and unrepress'd its lustres move,
Won from the fountains of Eternal Love!

Mysterious Life! how wide is thy domain!
In nature's scope how absolute thy reign!
In moving force thy kindling gleams appear,
When dewy blooms bedeck the opening year;
When, robed in laughing guise, the Spring comes on,
And waves her odorous garlands in the sun:
When the soft air comes balmy from the west,
And tenderest verdure cheers the meadow's breast:
How teem the gifts of life at such an hour—
How sighs the zephyr—how expands the flow'r!
High from the forest's nodding tops arise
Rich clouds of hidden fragrance through the skies—
Their viewless wings the abyss of ether fan,
While dreams, exalting, fire the breast of man.

Awakening life in every thought prevails,
He draws rapt inspiration from the gales:—
To the charm'd eye above, the golden sun
Doth his perpetual journeys brightly run ;
Around his course, in solemn pomp, repose
Gay clouds that drink his glory as he goes ;
He bathes the desert waste, the city's fanes ;
He pours clear radiance on the hills and plains ;
Till restless life, still travelling with his rays,
O'er earth and heaven, in trembling lustre plays.

Who, when the summer laughs in light around,
But feels that spirit's glowing power abound ?
Warmed from the south, the gladsome hours are shed,
Lending new verdure to each mountain-head ;
Luxuriant blessings crown the pleasant scene,
And the broad landscape glows in sunny green ;
While leaves and birds and streams their songs attune,
And, steep'd in music, smiles the rose of June ;
Making the freighted bliss it scatters there,
Seem like the breathings of ambrosial air ;
While, o'er the tall old hills and vales between,
In peerless glory, swells the blue serene :

Unbounded skies !—where life triumphant dwells,
And light resistless, from its fountain wells ;
Where beauty unapproach'd—alone—sublime—
Mocks at the restless change of earth and time ;
And clothed in radiance from the Eternal's throne,
Bends its unpillared arch from zone to zone !

Who that hath stood, where summer brightly lay
On some broad city, by a spreading bay,
And from a rural height the scene survey'd,
While on the distant strand the billows play'd,
But felt the vital spirit of the scene,
What time the south wind stray'd through foliage green,
And freshened from the dancing waves, went on,
By the gay groves, and fields, and gardens won ?
Oh, who that listens to the inspiring sound,
Which the wide Ocean wakes against his bound,
While, like some fading hope, the distant sail,
Flits o'er the dim blue waters, in the gale ;
When the tired sea-bird dips his wings in foam,
And hies him to his beetling eyry home ;
When sun-gilt ships are parting from the strand,
And glittering streamers by the breeze are fanned ;

When the wide city's domes and piles aspire,
And rivers broad seemed touch'd with golden fire—
Save where some gliding boat their lustre breaks,
And volumed smoke its murky tower forsakes,
And surging in dark masses, soars to lie,
And stain the glory of the uplifted sky ;
Oh, who at such a scene unmoved hath stood,
And gazed on town, and plain, and field, and flood—
Nor felt that life's keen spirit lingered there,
Through earth, and ocean, and the genial air ?

“ Change is the life of Nature ; ”—and the hour
When storm and blight reveal lone autumn's pow'r—
When damask leaves to swollen streams are cast,
Borne on the funeral anthems of the blast ;
When smit with pestilence the woodlands seem,
Yet gorgeous as a Persian poet's dream ;
That hour the seeds of life within it bears,
Though fraught with perished blooms and sobbing airs ;
Though solemn companies of clouds may rest
Along the uncheer'd and melancholy west ;
Though there no more the enthusiast may behold
Effulgent troops, arrayed in purple and gold ;

Or mark the quivering lines of light aspire,
Where crimson shapes are bathed in living fire—
Though Nature's withered breast no more be fair,
Nor happy voices fluctuate in the air ;
Yet is there life in Autumn's sad domains—
Life, strong and quenchless, through his kingdom reigns.
To kindred dust the leaves and flowers return,
Yet briefly sleep in winter's icy urn ;
Though o'er their graves, in blended wreathes, repose
Dim wastes of dreary and untrodden snows—
Though the aspiring hills rise cold and pale
To breast the murmurs of the northern gale :—
Yet, when the jocund spring again comes on,
Their trance is broken, and their slumber done ;
Awakening Nature re-asserts her reign,
And her kind bosom throbs with life again !

'T is thus with man. He cometh, like the flow'r,
To feel the changes of each earthly hour ;
To enjoy the sunshine, or endure the shade,
By hopes deluded, or by reason sway'd ;
Yet haply, if to Virtue's path he turn,
And feel her hallowed fires within him burn,

He passeth calmly from that sunny morn,
Where all the buds of youth are "newly born,"
Through varying intervals of onward years,
Until the eve of his decline appears :
And while the shadows round his path descend,
As down the vale of age his footsteps tend,
Peace o'er his bosom sheds her soft control,
And throngs of gentlest memories charm the soul ;
Then, weaned from earth, he turns his steadfast eye
Beyond the grave, whose verge he falters nigh—
Surveys the brightening regions of the blest,
And, like a wearied pilgrim, sinks to rest.

The just man dies not, though within the tomb
His wasting form be laid, mid tears and gloom ;
Though many a heart beats sadly when repose
His silvery locks in earth, like buried snows ;
Yet love, and hope, and faith, with heavenward trust,
Tell that his spirit sinks not in the dust :
Above, entranced and glorious, it hath soared,
Where all its primal freshness is restored—
And from all sin released—and doubt—and pain,
Renews the morning of its youth again !

Yes ! while the mourner stands beside the bier,
O'er a lost friend to shed the frequent tear,—
To pour the tender and regretful sigh,
And feel the heart-pulse fill the languid eye—
Even at that hour the thoughtful woe is vain,
Since change, not death, invokes affection's pain.
Nought but a tranquil slumberer resteth there,
Whose spirit's plumes have swept the upper air,
And caught the radiance borne from heaven along,
Fraught with rich incense and immortal song ;
And passed the glittering gates which angels keep—
Oh, wherefore for the just should mourners weep ?

And why should grief be moved for those who die,
When life is opening to the youthful eye ;
When freshening love springs buoyant in the breast,
And Hope's gay wings are fluttering undepress'd :
While like the morning dews that gem the rose,
In the pure soul, the dreams of joy repose ;
When, on the land and wave, a light is thrown,
Which to the morn of life alone is known ;
When every scene brings gladness to the view,
And every rapture of the heart is new ;

Oh, who shall mourn that *then* the silver cord
Is loosed, and to its home the soul restored ?
Oh who should weep that thus, at such an hour,
Celestial light should burst upon the flower—
The human flower, that but began to glow
And brighten in this changeful world below ;
Then, still unstained, was borne, to bloom on high,
And drink the lustre of a fadeless sky ?

No ! let the mother, when her infant's breath
Faints on her bosom, in the trance of death ;
Then let her yearning heart obey the call
Of that high God who loves and cares for all ;
Resign the untainted blossom to that shore
Where sicknesses and blight have power no more ;
Where poisonous mildew comes not from the air,
To check the undying blooms and verdure there ;
But where the gifts of life profuse are shed,
And funeral wailings rise not o'er the dead :
Where cherub-throngs in joy triumphant move,
And faith lies slumbering on the breast of love.

Change wears the name of death, the heart to bow,
And bid its rising shadows cloud the brow ;

To teach the wandering soul, with truth severe,
That man hath no continual city here ;
That all his hopes, unfixed on God and heaven,
Like pure aroma to the whirlwinds given,
Are raptures, wasted from a precious store—
They leave the bosom, to return no more.

Could man's impressive reason bear the sway,
And guide his footsteps through life's little day ;
Could every pulse, that riots but to stain
His soul, move calmly in reflection's reign—
Could gentle Conscience whisper peace within,
And from his spirit sweep the darling sin—
Between his birth-hour and his final rest,
What high philosophy would fire his breast !
Time's glittering charms would then no more delude
Its phantom train would all be unpursued ;
No scars of sorrow's war the cheek would wear,
Ploughed by corroding thoughts too deeply there—
No gusts of passion would the brow deform,
Or lash the kindling bosom into storm ;
But each pure wish, inspired, to heaven would soar,
And earth's dull fevers burn the heart no more.

And since the changes which in time are rife,
No real death contain, but teem with life ;
Since blooming nature from decay can spring
With buds, and happy birds upon the wing ;
Since year to year succeeds, and all renew
The scenes that glow'd to childhood's wondering view,
Since lavish beauty riseth from the dust,
Shall man's cold heart withdraw from heaven its trust ?
No ! while the unblemished sun careers on high,
And gilds, with glorious smile, the earth and sky ;
While tides, mysteriously-obedient, roll
From orient Indus to the frozen pole ;
While chaste and free above, serenely bright,
The moon sails onward through a sea of light ;
While verdant leaves in summer's air can play,
Or torrents thunder midst their rainbow spray :
Long as the unnumbered stars can flash and burn,
Or journeying winds upon their circuits turn ;
There shall the exhaustless life of God be found,
And his kind love diffuse its gifts around.

Man to his rest may fall—but who should mourn,
Or plant the cypress by the marble urn ?

In dust his wan, cold ashes, may remain,
But no dark shade of death the soul can stain ;
Beyond destruction's power 'tis formed to rise,
And bide the judgment-audit in the skies.
Then who the dirge would breathe, or pour the tear,
Since life is strong, and death is feeble here ?
Gorged by the past, in dreamless slumber laid,
Rest the fond lover and the rosy maid ;
Friends, parents, brothers, sisters, linger there,
Shut from the sunshine and the blessed air ;
But change alone hath touched each earthly form—
Each faded banquet of the noisome worm :
Death o'er the ransomed spirit hath no pow'r—
It waits the final and triumphant hour,
When sundering cerements shall their prey release—
Renewed and radiant, to the Realms of Peace.

All-quenchless life ! bright effluence from God !
Whose impulse fills the universe abroad !
From thee, the restless heart its movement draws—
In thee, revolving seasons find their laws ;
Thine is the pulse that heaves the ocean wave,
Or bids the evening sunlight gild the grave ;

That paints the gorgeous skies at night or morn,
When dawn is blushing, or when stars are born ;
Which drives the unquiet storm along its way,
When broken ships are whelm'd in surge and spray ;
While inland hills are echoing wildly-loud,
As the mad thunders roll from cloud to cloud ;
When giant trees, with arms uplifted high,
Creak, as the sheeted lightnings hurtle by ;
While lengthened swells chastise the groaning strand,
And bid their deep-toned murmurs thrill the land !

Life, unsubdued, through all the world prevails—
Howls on the midnight waters—or in vales
Where gentlest summer spreads her waving grain,
Smiles o'er the golden harvest, on the plain ;
Bathes, through the tranquil eve, the lake and stream,
In silvery lustre, an unbroken gleam ;
Bids the rich sunset all its splendours form,
And braids the rainbow on the passing storm :
These are the gifts of *Life*—sublime and high—
They teach the soul its immortality !

Then let obedient man the lesson heed—
Let his observant eye its precepts read ;

On earth, and ocean, and in heaven above,
Writ with the principle of life and love;
So, when the mockeries of this world shall cease,
His spotless soul may don the robes of peace;
Its tireless pinions shall in rapture wave,
Far through the bended skies, above the grave;
Where no sad care the soaring thought can bind,
Or vex the holy and eternal mind.

There, through unclouded leagues of fragrant air,
The walls of Heaven dispense their glories rare;
Prismatic shafts of sparkling light arise,
Pure as the thoughts that beam from angels' eyes;
There, glittering gates of massy pearl unfold,
And restless lustre streams from streets of gold;
There Life's immortal river flows abroad,
To cheer the city of the living God;
And where its liquid lapse extends, serene,
By dewy pastures of undying green;—
There, rich with healing leaves and fruits that glow,
The trees of life their generous wealth bestow:
There, gentle harpers cheer the shadeless day,
And balm and song are pour'd from every spray.

There, too, when nature's requiem-trump shall sound,
Will all the pure of earth again be found;
Long-sundered friends, on that unblighted shore,
Will meet to sorrow and to part no more—
But, calm'd and blessed, in reverential love,
Through joyous bowers, and fields undimmed, will move
A deathless king to praise—divine and just,—
Beneath whose feet the burning stars are dust.

IN addition to the preceding poem, the author takes the liberty of subjoining a few miscellaneous "fugitives from justice." Many of them have already been brought to trial before the public, by some of the high editorial judges of the country,—and have escaped the ordeal with an aggregate of commendation, which must be attributed more to the kindness of the triers, than to the merits of the tried.

The pieces annexed, are mostly taken from amongst a collection,—in part the product of leisure hours at school,—and variously published, in the United States Literary Gazette, BUCKINGHAM'S Magazine, the London Review, British Magazine, the Court Magazine, BULWER'S New Monthly Magazine, and other journals of the British metropolis. After the close of BRYANT'S enterprise in the United States Literary Gazette, there was not, for some years, with the exception of an excellent weekly in New York, a Magazine of any note in the country. It was during that time, and from that cause, that many of the following poems were sent to literary friends abroad, and published in their respective periodicals.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LAST PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

O Domine Deus ! speravi in te ;
O, care mi Jesu, nunc libera me ;
In dura catena, in misera pœna,
Desidero te ;—
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,—
Adoro, imploro, ut liberes me.”*

It was the holy twilight hour, and clouds in crimson pride,
Sailed through the golden firmament, in the calm evening-
tide ;

The peasant’s cheerful song was hushed by every hill and glen,
The city’s voice stole faintly out, and died the hum of men :

* These lines, so melodious in the original, and susceptible of equally melodious translation, were written by the unfortunate MARY a short time before her melancholy execution.

34 LAST PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

And as night's sombre shades came down o'er day's resplendent eye,

A faded face, from a prison cell, gazed out upon the sky ;
For to that face the glad bright sun of earth for aye had set,
And the last time had come to mark eve's starry coronet !

Oh, who can paint the bitter thoughts that o'er her spirit
stole,

As her pale lips gave utterance to feeling's deep control ;
While, shadowed from life's vista back, thronged mid her
falling tears

The fantasies of early hope—dreams of departed years :
Where pleasure's light was sprinkled, and silver voices flung
Their rich and echoing cadences her virgin hours among ;
When there came no shadow on her brow—no tear to dim her
eye—

Where there frown'd no cloud of sorrow in her being's festal
sky.

Perchance at that lone hour the thought of early visions
came—

Of the trance that touched her lip with song, at love's mysterious flame ;

When she listened to the low-breathed tones of him the idol

One,

Who shone in her imagining, first ray of pleasure's sun :

Perchance the walk in evening hours—the impassioned kiss

or vow—

The warm tear on the kindling cheek—the smile upon the

brow :

But they came like flowers that wither, and the light of all

had fled,

As a hue from April's pinion, o'er earth's budding bosom shed.

And thus, as star came after star, into the boundless
heaven,

Were her deep thoughts, and eloquent, in pensive numbers
given :

They were the offerings of a heart, where grief had long held
sway,—

And now the night, the hour had come, to give her feelings way:

It was the last dim night of life—the sun had sunk to rest,

And the blue twilight haze had crept on the far mountain's
breast ;

And thus, as in her saddened heart the tide of love grew
strong,

Pour'd her meek, quiet spirit forth, this flood of mournful song :

36 LAST PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“The shades of evening gather now, o’er the mysterious earth—

The viewless winds are whispering, in wild, capricious mirth ;
The gentle moon hath come to shed a flood of glory round,
That, through this soft and still repose, sleeps richly on the
ground :

And in the free, sweet gales that sweep along my prison bar,
Seem borne the pure, deep harmonies of every kindling star :
I see the blue streams glancing in the mild and chastened
light,

And the gem-lit, fleecy clouds, that steal along the brow of
night.

“Oh, must I leave existence now, while life should be
like spring—

While Joy should cheer my pilgrimage, with sunbeams from
his wing ?

Are the songs of hope forever flown—the syren voice which
flung

The chant of youth’s warm happiness from the beguiler’s
tongue ?

Shall I drink no more the melody of babbling stream or bird,
Or the scented gales of summer, as the leaves of June are
stirr’d ?

Shall the pulse of love wax fainter, and the spirit shrink from
 death,
 As the bud-like thoughts that lit my heart, fade in its chilling
 breath ?

“I have passed the dreams of childhood, and my loves
 and hopes are gone,
 And I turn to Thee, Redeemer ! oh, thou blest and Holy One !
 Though the rose of health has vanished—though the mandate
 hath been spoken,
 And one by one the golden links of life’s fond chain are broken—
 Yet can my spirit turn to Thee, thou chastener ! and can
 bend,
 In humble supplicance, at thy throne, my father and my friend !
 Thou, who hast crowned my youth with hope, my early days
 in glee—
 Give me the eagle’s fearless wing—the dove’s—to mount to
 Thee !

“I lose my foolish hold on life—its passions and its
 tears :
 How brief the yearning extacies of its young, careless years !
 D

38 LAST PRAYER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I give my heart to earth no more—the grave may clasp me
now—

The winds whose tone I loved, may play in the dark cypress
bough:

The birds, the streams are eloquent; yet I shall pass away,
And in the light of heaven shake off this cumbrous load of
clay;

I shall join the lost, the lov'd of earth, and meet each kindred
breast,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest."

AN INVITATION.

“They that seek me early shall find me.”

COME, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Thou youthful wanderer, in a flowery maze ;
Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways :
Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,
Waken rich feelings in the careless breast ;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding—
Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown ;
Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover
Will to the embraces of the worm have gone :

Those who now love thee will have pass'd forever—

 Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee :

Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,

 As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,—

 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die ;

Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,

 Fade like the sunset of a summer sky :

Life has but shadows, save a promise given,

 Which lights the future with a fadeless ray :

Oh, touch the sceptre—win a hope in heaven—

 Come—turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence,

 Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul :

And shining brightly in the forward distance,

 Will, of thy patient race, appear the goal :

Home of the weary !—where in peace reposing,

 The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss,

Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing—

 Who would not, *early*, choose a lot like this ?

PRAYER.

WHEN on the sad and yearning heart,
The clouds of early sorrow fall,
Oh ! what shall bid their gloom depart,
And lift the spirit from their thrall ?
When 'neath the foldings of the pall,
The lost and beautiful are laid,—
Oh, who shall answer to the call
By watchful Love, in anguish made ?

When from our daily paths, like flowers,
Our kindred wither one by one,
Ah ! what shall gild the weary hours,
Or bring again the unshadow'd sun
His bright and golden course to run ?
To chase the clouds that round him rise—

Recal again each lustre gone,
And bathe in light the uplifted skies ?

When, with a shadow o'er them flung,
Appear the sere autumnal trees ;
And every blast their boughs among
Awakens mournful images ;
What, on the lapse of hours like these,
Can earth, with all its phantoms, fling,
When Hope hath ceased her melodies,
And folded up her rainbow-wing ?

Is it not sweet, when song and dream
Have pass'd, like sunset's sky of fire—
When Love's false pinion sheds no gleam
O'er Pleasure's crushed and tuneless lyre—
To raise, with purified desire
The prayer, in earnest suppliance given,
Which lifts the immortal spirit higher,
And antedates the joy of Heaven ?

SUMMER.

THE Spring's gay promise melted into thee,
Fair Summer ! and thy gentle reign is here :
Thy emerald robes are on each heavy tree ;
In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear ;
And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—
They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales, that wander from the unbounded west,
Are burdened with the breath of countless fields ;
They teem with incense from the green Earth's breast,
That up to heaven its grateful odour yields ;
Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird,
By nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

In such a scene, the sun-illumin'd heart,
Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,

When through its bars the morning glories dart,
And forest-anthems in his hearing swell—
And, like the heaving of the voiceful sea,
His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,
Oh, Summer! in my inmost soul, arise
Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,
And the bland air, with its soft melodies;—
Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,
I long for eagle's plumes, to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,
And the impure, unholy thoughts that cling
To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride:
I would soar upward, on unfettered wing,
Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,
Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies!

TO A YOUNG CHILD.

THOU hast a fair, unsullied cheek—
A clear and dreaming eye,
Whose bright and winning glances speak
Of childhood's revelry ;—
And on thy brow no look of care
Comes, like a cloud, to cast a shadow there.

In feeling's early freshness blest—
Thy wants and wishes few ;
Rich hopes are garner'd in thy breast,
As summer's morning dew
Is found like diamonds in the rose,—
Nestling mid scented leaves in sweet repose.

Keep thus in love, the heritage
Of life's ephemeral spring ;—

Keep its pure thoughts,—till after age
 Weigh down the spirit's wing.
Keep the warm heart—the hate of sin,
And heavenly peace will on thy soul break in.

And when the evening-tide of years
 Brings, in its shadowy train,
The record of life's hopes and fears—
 Let it not be in vain
That backward on existence thou canst look,
As on a pictured page, or pleasant book.

A PLACE OF REST.

"Alli los impios cesaron del tumulto; y alli reposaron los de fuerzas cansadas."—*El Libro de Job.*

WEEP not thou heavenward pilgrim here, around whose toil-
some way,

The gloom of many a care is thrown, where'er thy feet may
stray ;

Within whose heart some tender pulse must echo unto pain,
When tried by this relentless world, where every dream is vain.

Weep not, though o'er the living glow of Pleasure's brightest
wreath,

Fate's swift and frequent tempests leave the cloudy stain of
death :

For endless raptures shall be thine, in mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest.

Thou must bend unto the Chastener here, and see the deeply
lov'd,
The pure and beautiful of earth, by early death removed ;
Thou must mark on many a blighted cheek, the hectic mildew
cling,
Thou must bend beneath Time's shadowy frown, when snows
are on his wing,
Till the peace which passeth knowledge is garnered in thy
soul,
Till the silver cord is broken, and crush'd the golden bowl ;
Till the bright and glorious streets of heaven are by thy feet
imprest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest.

How many flowers will rise and bloom, a flood of sweets to
pour
Across the mazes of thy way, that earth can not restore !
How many fond eyes, full of love, will in the grave be hid—
How will the dark and heavy pall press on each folded lid !
Thou must pile the grave's remorseless clod on many a pallid
brow,
And lift the serenade of death, beneath the cypress bough :

Till, with a pale and deluged cheek, and with a yearning
breast,

Thou wilt long for pinions of a dove, to soar and be at rest.

Yet it is but for a season—and thy trials all are past,

And *then!*—upon the empyreal air thy spirit-wings are cast!

Then the bonds of earth will sunder, and thine ear will drink
the song

That floats the vernal pastures and crystal waves along :

Thou wilt join the lost and lonely that have gone before to
God,

In a glad “continual city,” by the earth’s redeemed ones
trod ;—

Where each angel-plume is folded o’er a peaceful brow and
breast,—

“Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest.”

WARNINGS.

THERE are voices of God for the careless ear—
A low-breathed whisper when none is near :
In the silent watch of the night's calm hours,
When the dews are at rest in the deep sealed flowers ;
When the wings of the zephyr are folded up,
When the violet bendeth its azure cup ;
'Tis a breath of reproof—a murmuring tone,
Like music remembered, or extacies gone.

'Tis a voice that sweeps through the evening sky,
When clouds o'er the pale moon are hurrying by ;
While the fickle gusts, as they come and go,
Wake the forest boughs on the mountain's brow :
It speaks in the shadows that swiftly pass,
In the waves, that are roused from the lake's clear glass,

Where summer shores, in their verdant pride,
Were pictured but late in the stainless tide.

And that voice breaks out in the tempest's flight,
When the wild winds sweep in their fearful might;
When the lightnings go forth on the hills to play—
As they pass on their pinions of fire away;
While they fiercely smile through the dusky sky,
As the thunder-peals to their glance reply;
As the bolts leap out from the sombre cloud,
While the midnight whirlwinds sing wild and loud !

'Tis a voice which comes in the early morn,
When the matin hymns of the birds are born;
It steals from the fold of the painted cloud—
From the forest's draperies, sublime and proud,
Its tones are blent with the running stream,
As it sweeps along, like a changeful dream,
In its light and shade, through the chequered vale,
While the uplands are fanned by the viewless gale.

In the twilight hour, when the weary bird
On her nest is sleeping, that voice is heard ;

While mist-robcs are drawn o'er the green earth's breast,
And the sun hath gone down from the faded west ;
In the hush of that silence—when winds are still,
And the light wakes no smile in the quivering rill ;
Through the wonderful depths of the purple air,—
O'er the landscape trembling ;—that voice is there !

There are whispers of God in the cataract's roar—
In the Sea's rude wail, on his sounding shore ;
In the waves that melt on his azure isles,
Where the sunny south on their verdure smiles ;
In the oceanward wind from the orange trees—
In the Sabeau odours that load the breeze ;
'Midst the incense that floats from Arabia's strand,—
That tone is there with its whispers bland.

And it saith to the cold and the careless heart,
How long wilt thou turn from "*the better part ?*"
I have called from the infinite depths of heaven—
I have called,—but no answer to me was given ;
From many a hallowed and glorious spot,
I have called by my Spirit—and *ye would not !*
Thou art far from the haven, and tempest toss'd—
Hear the cry of thy Pilot, or thou art lost !

THE EARLY DEAD.

WHEN into dust, like dewy flowers departed,
From our dim paths, the bright and lovely fade ;
The fair in form—the pure—the gentle-hearted,
Whose looks within the breath a sabbath made :
How like a whisper on the inconstant wind,
The memory of their voices stirs the mind !

We hear the sigh, the song, the fitful laughter,
That from their lips, in balm, were wont to flow ;
When Hope's beguiling wings they hurried after,
And drank her syren music, long ago :
While Joy's bright harp to sweetest lays was strung,
And pour'd rich numbers for the loved and young.

When the clear stars are burning high in heaven,—
When the low night-winds kiss the flowering tree,

And thoughts are deepening in the hush of even,
How soft those voices on the heart will be !
They breathe of raptures, which have bloom'd and died—
Of sorrows, by remembrance sanctified.

Yet, when the loved have from our pathway vanished,
What potent magic can their smiles restore !
Like some gay sun-burst, by the tempest banished,
They passed in darkness—they will come no more :
Unlike the day-beams when the storm hath fled,
No light renewed breaks on their lowly bed !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

THOU art laid to rest in the spring-time hours,
In the freshness of early feeling;
While the dew yet lies on the new-born flowers,
And winds through the wood-paths are stealing;
While yet life was gay to thine ardent eye,
While its rich hopes filled thy bosom;
While each dream was pure as the upper sky,
And sweet as the opening blossom :
But thy promise of being, which shone so fair,
Hath passed like a summer cloud in air ;
Thy bosom is cold, which with love was warm,
And the grave embraces thy gentle form.

Thou art slumbering now in a voiceless cell,
While nature her garland is wreathing ;

While the earth seems touched with a radiant spell,
And the air of delight is breathing ;
While the day looks down with a mellow beam,
Where the roses in light are blushing :
While the young leaves dance with a fitful gleam,
And the stream into song is gushing ;
While bright wings play in the golden sun,
The tomb hath caressed thee, thou faded one ;
The clod lies cold on that settled brow,
Which was beaming with pleasure and youth but now.

Should we mourn that Death's Angel, on dusky wing,
O'er thy flowery path has driven ?—
That he crushed the buds of thy sunny spring—
That thy spirit is borne to heaven ?
How soon will the visions of earth grow dim—
How soon will its hopes be faded ;
And the heart that hath leaped to the syren's hymn,
With sadness and gloom be o'ershaded !
The feelings are fresh but a little while,—
We can bask but an hour in affection's smile,
Ere the friend and the lover have passed away—
Ere the anthem is sung o'er their wasting clay !

Then take thy rest in that shadowy hall,
In thy mournful shroud reposing ;
There is no cloud on *the soul* to fall—
No dust o'er its light is closing :
It will shine in glory when time is o'er,
When each phantom of earth shall wither ;
When the friends who deplore thee shall sigh no more,
And lie down in the dust together :
Though sad winds wail in the cypress bough,
Thou art resting untroubled and calmly now :
With a seal of sleep on thy folded eye,
While thy spirit is glad in the courts on high.

A LAMENT.

They sin, who tell us love can die:
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity:
But love is indestructible:
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came—to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd—
It here is tried, and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest.

SOUTHEY.

THERE is a voice I shall hear no more:
There are tones whose music for me is o'er;
Sweet as the odours of spring were they—
Precious and rich—but they died away:
They came like peace to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here:
They have gone, like the blush of a summer morn—
Like a crimson cloud, through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me,
Whose kindly glance was a joy to see :
They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,
Untouched by sorrow—untaught by art :
Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring,
When birds in the vernal branches sing ;
They were fill'd with love that hath passed with them,
And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose ;
And lips I remember, whose dewy smile,
As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blest my brain
With raptures that never may dawn again :
Amidst musical accents those smiles were shed—
Alas, for the doom of the early dead !

Alas, for the clod that is resting now,
On those slumbering eyes—on that faded brow !
Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom—
For the lips that are dumb in the noisome tomb ;
Their melody broken, their fragrance gone—
Their aspect cold as the Parian stone :

Alas, for the hopes that with thee have died—
Oh, loved-one ! would I were by thy side !

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear :
I hear thy voice in the twilight air ;
Thy smile of sweetness untold I see,
When the visions of evening are borne to me ;
Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm,
My arm embraceth thy yielding form :
Then I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
To feel, in my bosom,—thou art not here.

Oh, *once* the summer to me was bright—
The day, like thine eyes, wore a holy light ;
There was bliss in existence, when thou wert nigh,—
There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh :
Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest ;
A sabbath of blessings was in my breast :
My heart was full of a sense of love,
Likest, of all things, to heaven above.

Now, thou art laid in that voiceless hall,
Where my budding raptures have perished all ;

In that tranquil and holy place of rest,
Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast :
Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid—
Thy brow is concealed by the coffin-lid :
All that was lovely to me is there—
Mournful is life, and a load to bear !

F

EUTHANASIA.

“What is man's history? Born—living—dying—
Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave;
Mid clouds and storms, o'er broken shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave.”

METHINKS, when on the languid eye
Life's varying scenes grow dim;
When evening-shadows veil the sky,
And Pleasure's syren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dreams, of seraphim—
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold;

To feel those longings to depart,
 That cheer'd the saints of old ;
To clasp the faith which looks on high—
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
 And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast,
The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely thus to lie
 On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
 By white-winged seraphs led :
Where glories earth may never know,
O'er 'many mansions' lingering, glow,
 In peerless lustre shed ;—
It were not lonely thus to soar,
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And, though the way to such a goal
 Lies through the cloudy tomb,—
If on the free, unfetter'd soul
 There rest no stains of gloom ;

How should its aspirations rise,
Far through the blue and fretted skies,
Up—to its final home,
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run !

THE ALPS.

PROUD monuments of God ! sublime ye stand,
Among the wonders of His mighty hand :
With summits soaring in the upper sky,
Where the broad day looks down with burning eye :
Where gorgeous clouds in solemn pomp repose,
Flinging rich shadows on eternal snows :
Piles of triumphant dust, ye stand alone,
And hold in kingly state a peerless throne.

Like olden conquerors, on high ye rear
The regal ensign and the shining spear;
Round icy peaks the mists, in wreaths unroll'd,
Float ever near, in purple or in gold :
And voiceful torrents, sternly rolling there,
Fill with wild music the unpillared air :

What garden, or what hall on earth, beneath,
Thrills to such tones as o'er the mountains breathe ?

There, through long ages past, those summits shone,
When morning radiance on their state was thrown :
There, when the summer day's career was done,
Played the last glory of the sinking sun :
There, sprinkling beauty o'er the torrent's shade,
The chastened moon her glittering rainbow made;
And, blent with pictured stars her lustre lay,
Where to still vales the free streams leap'd away.

Where are the thronging hosts of other days,
Whose banners floated o'er the Alpine ways ?
Who through their high defiles to battle wound,
While deadly ordnance stirr'd the heights around ?
Gone like a dream which melts at early morn,
When the lark's anthem through the sky is borne ;
Gone like the hues that melt in ocean's spray,
And chill Oblivion murmurs,—*where are they ?*

Yet 'Alps on Alps' still rise—the lofty home
Of storms and eagles, where their pinions roam :

Still round their peaks the magic colours lie
Of morn or eve, imprinted on the sky ;
And still, when kings and thrones shall fade and fall,
And empty crowns lie dim upon the pall ;
Still shall their glaciers flash—their waters roar—
Till nations fail, and kingdoms rise no more.

A CONTRAST.

It was the morning of a day in spring—
The sun looked gladness from the eastern sky ;
Birds upon the trees and on the wing,
And all the air was rich with melody ;
The heaven—the calm, pure heaven, was bright on high ;
Earth laugh'd beneath in all its fresh'ning green,
The free blue streams sang as they wandered by,
And many a sunny glade and flowery scene
Gleam'd out, like thoughts of youth, life's troubled years
between.

The rose's breath upon the south wind came—
Oft as its whisperings the young branches stirr'd,
And flowers for which the poet hath no name ;
While, midst the blossoms of the grove, were heard
The restless murmurs of the humming-bird :

Waters were dancing in the mellow light ;
And joyous notes and many a cheerful word
Stole on the charmed ear with such delight
As waits on soft sweet tones of music heard at night.

The night-dews lay in the half open'd flower,
Like hopes that nestle in the youthful breast ;
And ruffled by the light airs of the hour,
Awoke the pure lake from its glassy rest :
Slow blending with the blue and distant west,
Lay the dim woodlands, and the quiet gleam
Of amber clouds, like islands of the blest—
Glorious and bright, and changing like a dream,
And lessening fast away beneath the intenser beam.

Songs were amid the mountains far and wide—
Songs were upon the green slopes blooming nigh :
While, from the springing flowers on every side,
Upon his painted wings, the butterfly
Roamed, a sweet blossom of the sunny sky ;
The visible smile of joy was on the scene ;
'Twas a bright vision, but too soon to die !
Spring may not linger in her robes of green—
Autumn, in storm and shade shall quench the summer sheen.

I came again. 'Twas Autumn's stormy hour—
The wild winds murmured in the faded wood ;
The sere leaves, rustling in the yellow bower,
Were hurled in eddies to the moaning flood :
Dark clouds enthrall'd the west—an orb of blood,
The red sun pierced the hazy atmosphere ;
While torrent voices broke the solitude,
Where, straying lonely, as with steps of fear,
I mark'd the deepening gloom which shrouds the dying year.

The ruffled lake heav'd wildly—near the shore
It bore the red leaves of the shaken tree—
Shed in the violent north wind's restless roar,
Emblems of man upon life's stormy sea !
Pale autumn leaves ! once to the breezes free
They waved in Spring and Summer's golden prime—
Now, even as clouds or dew, how fast they flee—
Weak, changing like the flowers in Autumn's clime,
As man sinks down in death, chill'd by the touch of time !

I marked the picture—'twas the changeful scene
Which life holds up to the observant eye :

Youth's spring, and summer, and its bowers of green,
The streaming sunlight of its morning sky,
And the dark clouds of death which linger by :
For oft, when life is fresh and hope is strong,
Shall early sorrow breathe the unbidden sigh,
While age to death moves peacefully along,
As on the singer's lip expires the finished song.

THE END.



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